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viously to next day's market or on an early hour of the morning, many of the inconveniences pointed out by your correspondent might be obviated. K.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing; so said Pope, and I believe it has been very often verified since he made the observation.

How many useful members of the community have been diverted from their proper vocations, to pursue imaginary talents which they did not possess, and which like an *ignis fatuus* have bewildered them into all the misfortunes of their lives? First caught in the toils of vanity, they flatter themselves with being as great as those they imitated, and were not convinced of their ridiculous attempt, till they were laughed at and condemned by those whose approbation they endeavoured to solicit. An arrangement of words, a disposition of sentences, an adjustment of phrases, with a grammatical regularity may be caught, and produce a flowing set of rounded periods; but these will not communicate either a novelty of thought or a felicity of genius. Without these, scribbling is but imitation without instruction, daubing without design. A classical blockhead is of all others the most intolerable: the book-worm who quotes from Homer, Virgil, or Horace, without application, and whose conversation is made up of the shreds and lumber of the schools should be confined to his desk all his life: here, perhaps, he may trouble the world with what he may call his works; but this is not quite so pestiferous as his verbal bawling, as no man is compelled to read, though every one in company is compelled to hear. Thus scribbling he fancies he has reached the summit of Parnassus: till he is precipitated from his imaginary eminence by the periodical corrigitors, who with monthly scourges, reduce blockheads to their primitive stan-

mill of Messrs. Lepper, McCrum and co. Belfast and in a few other manufactories in this town, the workmen receive part of their wages on Thursday evening under the denomination of market money.

dards But lest you should think I am guilty of what I accuse others, I here drop the pen, and submit to be rejected a candidate for a place in your estimable Magazine, yours &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Larne, 7th Augt. 1810.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

We give the following: Oration to our readers, as developing the views of the more intelligent part of the American people, as to the state of their foreign and domestic policy. The Tammany Society is an association assuming this name, to commemorate the Indians, the ancient inhabitants of that country.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE TAMMANY SOCIETY, IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, ON THE TWELFTH OF MAY 1810, BY JOHN T. IRVING, ESQUIRE.

BROTHERS,

WE are here assembled to celebrate the anniversary of an institution whose object is a nation's prosperity, and whose supreme ambition a nation's glory.

It is an institution which professes a sincere attachment to the land in which we reside, and a perfect faith in the constitution by which we are governed. On an occasion of this kind, therefore, it is highly useful to consider, whether this land of our nativity or adoption, and the form of government we have chosen, are worthy of the ardent devotion we profess: whether our civil institutions will bear the test of dispassionate investigation, and are established on the strict principles of moral and political justice,—for, unless this can be manifested, our boasted advantages are but dreams and shadows, our patriotism but prejudice and infatuation.

But the necessary brevity of this address will not admit of an ample investigation of this nature—the scanty space of time to which I am limited will only allow me to seize the bold features of the subject and present them to your view.

The love of country is an universal passion, peculiar to no clime. It burns with equal fervour amid polar snows, as on the parching sands of the torrid zone. It is the sheet anchor of the heart which heaven has kindly given to moor each individual to his

proper situation,—to counteract that restless love of variety, that insatiable curiosity, that passion for novelty implanted in the human breast, and which otherwise would render mankind mere wanderers on the face of the earth. Where is the being, however seduced from the place of his nativity by the allurements of pleasure, the incitements of curiosity, or the avidity of gain—where is the exile however driven from the land of his fathers by the high hand of oppression, or the persecutions of an unfeeling world, whose heart does not, many a time and oft, in the hour of sickness, of solitude, or sorrow, return with weeping recollection to the scenes of his childhood, where his mind first dawned to the perception of natural and moral beauty—where he sported in the days of innocence, in the lustiness of youth, “when the young blood ran frolic through his veins, and all was sunshine!”—Who has relinquished his country without a sigh—who has heard of its oppression without sympathy—of its desolation without a pang?

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself has said,

This is my own, my native land?

If such there breathes, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish could claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile earth, from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonoured and unsung.”

If a sentiment so generous and exalted can exist with sufficient force to bind the Siberian to his icy desert—to people the burning sands of Africa, where nature pants and animation languishes—if it can animate the song of the hardy Swiss, amid the stormy solitudes of his mountains, and can reconcile the minions of the east to the whips and chains of arbitrary power, how much more should it glow within *our* bosoms, on whom heaven has lavishly bestowed its choicest favours? To us has been given “the glory of Lebanon with the excellency of Carmel and Shanon.” A

country, whose varied and almost boundless surface, combines all that is magnificent and sublime, with all that is luxuriant and beautiful. A country where the rapid developments of art and science, the unparalleled advances of civilization and refinement, are constantly presenting new and captivating scenes to the eye of the curious, or the speculation of the philosophic. A country where independent competence is the sure reward of industry, where labour and enjoyment go hand in hand, and prompt fertility lightens the task of the husbandman.

But great as are the natural endowments of our country, they fade into comparative insignificance in the splendour of our political advantages. We have witnessed the sun of liberty dawning from amidst clouds and darkness, and gradually increasing and ascending into a bright and perfect day. After our painful revolutionary struggle, when the tumult and distraction of war had subsided, we found ourselves, possessed indeed of the rights for which we had contended, but those rights vaguely defined and imperfectly regulated. The season of war was past; the season of deliberation commenced; the states had maintained a faithful union through a tempestuous period, but that union had been preserved by the pressure of outward force, by a common sympathy and interest, and by an enthusiasm which such an occasion only could produce.

But now that the dread of external danger had subsided, the force which threatened having been withdrawn; now that private ambition had its play, that mutual jealousies were embodying themselves, that a load of foreign debt pressed upon the nation and its component parts hung disjointed, ready to be severed by every rising faction; now was the crisis when a people were to sacrifice secret views and selfish considerations on the altar of public good; now, rising superior to local interests, in their own sovereignty were they to establish a government for the whole, determine how their magistrates should be chosen, define their duties, and lastly enact laws to which themselves would become obedient.

Surrounding nations with surprise beheld an infant people just emerged from the chaos and irritations of war, proceeding with deliberative coolness, to investigate the defects of its municipal institutions. But that surprise was changed into admiration when they beheld this people relinquish at once an imperfect system, and without a struggle build on the ruins of an old establishment, a structure magnificent and sublime, which I trust our children for ages shall venerate.

This constitution, my friends, is your own intellectual offspring. By it you have secured to yourselves, and probably to millions unborn, the possession of every rational privilege, the enjoyment of every estimable right. It is a code not produced by the strong arm of power, or accompanied by a sanguinary revolution, but the collective wisdom of a nation gathered in time of peace, its merits first carefully discussed, and then sanctioned by the unimpassioned approbation of the people.

This makes every man's domicile his sanctuary, not to be invaded without his assent, nor taken from him for public purposes without an adequate compensation.

This ensures to him the freedom of speech and of the press, and a trial by his peers for every infraction of the law.

This at one blast sweeps away the hopes of aristocratic distinction; establishes sovereignty alone in the people, and makes all authority emanate from them.

This forms the criterion of law, the barrier to usurpation, the rallying point in the hour of peril, the very pivot of our union.

We have improved by the experience of other systems, we have selected their excellencies, and as carefully avoided their defects. Where, I would ask, have ancient or modern days presented a purer model? What government has evinced a due attention to some particular right of individuals, that has not balanced it by some particular oppression?

One shall exult in the freedom of

its constitution, the dignity and integrity of its parliament; when that parliament is the monopolized representation of rotten boroughs, composed of a few scattered inhabitants, while whole cities and districts, with the thousands they contain, have no share in the public councils.

Its historians and poets shall boast of its elective franchise, when that franchise is a mere vendible article, continually in the market, almost exposed to sale by the candle, and struck off to the highest bidder.

Another shall be inflated with the splendour of its military establishment, while that establishment has trampled upon its freedom, preyed upon the necessities of its poor, given its youth to the sword, and reared an iron usurpation which controuls the destinies of Europe.

A third shall present a long line of nobility, anxiously preserved from plebeian intercourse, and pronounced the substance of its strength and glory; as if that merit which had achieved honours to the primordial ancestor, was a corporeal principle, could be the subject of entailment, and was only to be destroyed by a corruption of blood—No! by the Almighty fiat, we start upon existence on terms of perfect equality; and he only outstrips his fellows and becomes ennobled in the eye of heaven, who is distinguished for his usefulness, and pre-eminent for his virtues.

Experience has repeatedly proved that worth and talents are not attached to any particular line of ancestry; that the wealth and honours of a meritorious individual are often squandered and disgraced by the profligacy of his descendants; that he who estimates his value by the lustre and antiquity of his pedigree, has generally no other standard. The revolution of France has swept to oblivion a croud who swarmed in the courts of Versailles, and who existed but as the trappings and paraphernalia of royalty.

Aware of the many evils that proceed from titled establishments; convinced that they were excrescences clinging to the body politic, and drawing off that nourishment which should be disseminated through its branches,

the constitution of these states has not only abolished such distinctions, but disqualified their possessors from holding any station of public confidence or trust. We are placed upon the same level, and though respect is paid to official dignity, it is more the reverence of a civilized people to the magisterial office of their own creation, than a deference to the individual who is chosen as its transient occupant. Every man by holding the same rank in society is stimulated to the same laudable and virtuous emulation. He beholds the honours of his country open to every competitor, yet attained alone by the most enterprising and meritorious. If we have any order therefore among us, it is the order of merit, an order exciting that ambition which has virtue for its means, and the love and reverence of the worthy for its end.

This equality of interest and feeling, this intellectual ligament which firmly binds citizen to citizen, the constitution has wisely protected from every probable assault. Not confining its guardianship to temporalities alone, it has evinced the same solicitude for spiritual privileges; has equally secured the rights of conscience, and left the soul to range free in its aspirations.

No error has been more productive of human misery, than that which in most countries has placed its religious, under the controul of its civil institutions. There is no such thing as bending conscience; its texture is not malleable; it cannot be cooled and warmed at pleasure to different degrees of temperature.

The most valuable members of a community are those who are in heart zealously attached, and scrupulously obedient, to their religious tenets. Among these are we to look for patient industry, strict frugality, correctness of morals, and regularity of life. Here are we to search for that honesty ingrafted on religion, which teaches the fulfilment of individual contracts, the preservation of order, the reverence of law, and the sacred allegiance due to our country. The nation that wars against any moral sect, whatever may be its cast, wars against its own prosperity, and saps the foundations of its strength.

It was religious intolerance that drove from Spain a race who had converted her deserts into fruitful plantations, and adorned her cities with the choicest specimens of architecture. Art and industry, with the persecuted Moslems, were almost exiled the Peninsula. The elysian fields of Grenada again became desolate; and the mouldering ruins of the Alhambra are the last perishing mementos of Moorish dignity and grandeur.

It was religious intolerance that presided over the dreadful orgies of saint Bartholomews, that like the destroying angel went forth to massacre without distinction of age or sex, without regard for private worth or public usefulness; that struck to the earth imploping innocence; that coward-like rushed upon the unsuspecting couch of the generous and the brave, that in an instant changed the sweet repose of the weary peasant into the soundless sleep of death. The most meritorious of Gallic population, and the flower of Gallic knighthood perished in that night of horrors, and Charles entwined around his sanguinary brows a wreath of eternal infamy.

It was religious intolerance first invited that interference of the imperial Catharine, which afterwards led to the dismemberment and partition of Poland. And what but the same intolerance at this very day bears upon the lofty spirit of Ireland, and has almost broken the heart of her gallant people. The penal statutes systematized in the reign of Anne, through a pretence of religious zeal, have disfranchised the Catholics, excluded them from office, despoiled them of their property, cancelled the nuptial bond, rent asunder the ties of filial affection, exiled a persecuted population from their homes, and obliged them to look for protection to a land of strangers.

Happily for this country, we have closed the door against such a flood of evils. We have made conscience amenable to no other tribunal than Heaven, and left her errors to be judged by him, who alone knows the secret springs of the heart, and can best determine the purity and sincerity of its devotion.

To be Continued.